A Congratulatory Poem

Upon the CORONATION of

WILLIAM and MARY

King and Queen of *ENGLAND*, &c.

INſpire my Muſe, *Apollo*, never yet
In the clear *Pegaſean* Fountain wet.
Aſſiſt my ſmall Endeavours, that I may
Do ſomething worthy of ſo great a Day.
Thus thou wilt all thy former Acts outdo:
And Deifie thy ſelf with Wonders too.
This day doth *ENGLAND* Bleſs with Joys, and make
WILLIAM and *MARY* their Crown'd Zodiack;
Our King and Queen, a Pair ſo Good and Great,
I wiſh all Princes may them imitate;
Who by their Graces, and their Souls Divine,
Shew They're Deſcended from Great *CHARLES*'s Line.
He, by His timely Conduct ſet Us Free,
From viler than *Egyptian* Slavery.
The *Jews* were forc'd without Straw to make Bricks,
Their Children were Slain by the Midwives Tricks:
Hard-hearted *Pharaoh* from them did not take
Their *Laws* and *Rights*, nor for them *Idols* make.
But Oh, the Fate of Our unhuman Stars!
For Us there were prepar'd Inteſtine Wars:
Papiſts, with *Iriſh* Ruffians, to advance,
And bloody *Baboons* from the *TURK* in *France*.
Our Liberties were loſt: Our Martyrs ſtood
Undaunted Heroes, in a Field of Blood.
The Princeſs *Anne*, threatned, was caus'd to Fly:
The *Tower* was our Prelates Deſtiny.
Here all the Mouth-Granadoes of the *Pope*,
Belch'd nothing elſe, but Fire, Faggot, and Rope
Againſt the *Proteſtants*, that would not bend
Their Knees to Worſhip *Baal*, their faſt Friend.
Leſt that Our Sorrows ſhould not be compleat,
They put at laſt on Us a Princely Cheat.
You mighty Champions of this Age, whoſe Aid,
Was bravely for Our laſting Freedom paid,
With more then *Roman* Courage; May you ſtand
In Chronicles, as Pillars of this Land.
The Storm is O're; *England* rejoyce, and ſing
Praiſes, for ſuch a QUEEN, and ſuch a KING.

A *Francis Crake.*

In prosperum, Regis Gulielmi, in Angliam Adventum: & præcocem a Romana penitus servitute, & inevitabili Populo Protestanti superimpendente Ruina Redemptionem: Et lætificam Gulielmi Regis & Mariæ Reginæ Coronationem: Carmen Panegyricum.

Quis canat æquatas meritis, Rex Optime, laudes;
Aut tua Gesta sonet? Tantis cum desit Homerus.
Sed, ne Sacrilego condemner Crimine, solvam
Æreolam votivam: Et inest sua Gratia parvis.
Quantum Progenies Romæ male contudit Anglos
Barbara; fraude pios lactans de tramite recto:
Paparum ficto deducens Ordine longam
A Petro Seriem: Miracula subdola monstrans
Franciſci, Pauli, Fulberti: (Judice Cano,
Et Cajetano, sunt plurima falsa Legendis.)
Aut nece terribili perterrens mobile Vulgus:
Horrida crudelis sequitur vestigia Matris.
Hoc notum est Pueris. Donec, Gulielme, Redemptor
De cælo jussus, docuisti Belgica Classis
Quid potuit: nec non fregisti milite turmas.
Hic, venit, vidit, vicit quoque, Martis Alumnus:
Et tulit insignem minimo sine sanguine Palmam.
Anglia jamque iterum fælix: quid gaudia differs,
Quin Europæis æternis plausibus Oris
Candida sacrati resonent præconia Belli?
Phosphore redde Diem: Da grandia Pocula Bacche:
Cum Cerere, & Musis veniat comitatus Apollo.
Mista Senum ac Juvenum densentur ludicra, pulchris
Auspiciis, domitos vino pellantque dolores.
Regia Stirps vigeat: Rex & Regina beati
Regnum, pro cæli tandem Diademate, mutent.

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Rob. Midgley.

Sic vovet, a pedibus Regis Caroli II.
(beatæ memoriæ)

Franciſcus Crake.

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